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brilliant, and bold beyond conception. His tone was full rather than mellow; and his manner of expression was less remarkable than his mastery of difficulties. His great qualities were originality—no follower of any system—and obeying only the impulsion of his own energetic sensibility. Kreutzer erected a school—made many pupils who have taken advantage of his qualities—and who generally are remarked for their brilliancy of execution.

Baillot, of whom I have still to speak, was not only a great violinist by the readiest and most varied mechanism imaginable, but he was a poet by the exquisite feeling for the beauties of music, and the ready conception of the style necessary for imparting the true character of each composition. Pollani, pupil of Nardini, was one of Baillot's masters; but the immense talent of Baillot formed the rich source of his own imaginings; a great solo performer, he never went to the extent of his vast capabilities, if the work he was to interpret failed to awaken his appreciation. At the Opera, where he was engaged to play the solos for dancing, he was only the shadow of himself; but when at the annual meetings for the performance of quartets and quintets—with the genius of Boccherini, of Haydn, of Mozart, and of Beethoven, his enthusiasm was aroused—he became sublime and unequalled for his varied accentuation, the various shadings of expression, and the poetry of his ideas. His bow was magical; and every note under his fingers became an eloquent inspiration. Baillot was not only a great violinist—he was a great professor. The number of excellent violinists who were his pupils is considerable. His school produced Habeneck and Mazas—both of whom were eminent artists. Having become Professor to the Conservatory of Paris, and the successor of his master, Habeneck produced some clever pupils—at the head of whom stands M. Allard, the present chief of the French school.

Lafont, too, one of the bright glories of the French school of violinists, Lafont was, at first, the pupil of Kreutzer. Dissatisfied with the style of his master, which did not sympathize with his own, he joined the school of Rode, which seemed formed for the development of his actual qualities, combining grace, purity, elegance, and charms—qualities, which, subsequently, with study, rendered him a perfect master of his art. The perfection of his intonation was so certain—the style of his bowing so seductive—his taste so exquisite in his ornament—that, if the sentiment of grandeur left anything to be desired, it was scarcely perceptible—it was lost in the rapture created by his grace and delicacy.

A new school was formed. I allude to the Belgian school for the violin, which numbers a nation of heroes, the chiefs of whom are Vieuxtemps and De Beriot; but, convinced that the history of one's friends is as difficult to write as that of one's enemies, I shall leave to future historians the agreeable task of handing down to posterity the names of these glories of their country.

Germany has produced several schools of violinists—the principal qualities of whom have been perfect intonation and clear execution; but which in the eighteenth century, without a more powerful tone and broadness of execution, left a want to be supplied. The prodigies invented by Wagner in the seventeenth century, seem not to have left any traces. Italy and Bohemia were the

cradles of two schools of German violinists, from whence the others proceeded.

Corelli, who disseminated everywhere the effects of his powerful influence was first violinist in the chapel of the Margrave of Anspach, in 1699, when Pisendel, then choir-boy, became his pupil, and made such progress under his guidance that he became first violinist of the chapel in 1702. This Pisendel, having become an eminent violinist, was attached to the Court of Saxony as master of the concerts, and opened, at Dresden, a school for the violin. All the traditions of his master were transmitted to the pupils, but with the mannerism that was in vogue at the Court of Dresden. It was here the talent of Jean Théophile Graun, brother of the celebrated composer of that name, and master of the concerts of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was formed. Graun possessed sterling talent, of which he afforded many proofs, both by the pupils he made and by twenty-nine concertos for the violin, in manuscript, some of which I have seen, and which evince a remarkable degree of cleverness. In his youth, when he left the school of Pisendel, he went to Italy, and there received lessons from Tartini, whose style he adopted.

The school for the violin ceased in Bohemia, commenced by Koniesek, of Prague. Koniesek is only known as having been the master of François Benda, a great artist, born at Althenatka, in Bohemia, the 23d of November, 1709. His first master was a blind Jew, of the name of Løbel, a very eminent violinist. He subsequently became the pupil of Koniesek, and acquired his brilliant style, though deficient in tone, which he transmitted to all his pupils. The school of Benda, from which proceeded his two sons, Ramnitz, Rust, Matthes, and several others, was celebrated for a long period in Germany. From this school came most of the Saxon and Prussian violinists. Benda, after the death of Graun, succeeded him as master of the concerts at the Court of Prussia in 1772, and died at Potsdam in 1786.

Jean Charles Stamitz, a remarkable and distinguished violinist, emanated from Bohemia; he was born in 1719; his violin master was a monk of the Abbey of Reichmon, the Father Czernohorsky. Being in the service of the Palatine Elector in 1745, Stamitz became the founder of the celebrated school of Mannheim, which produced the greatest number of the German violinists of the latter days. The concertos of Stamitz, and a duel for one violin, several times published, would alone suffice to prove the great capabilities of this artist; even did his pupils bear evidence in favor of this judgment. Among his pupils are his two sons, Charles and Antoine, Canabeh, Foerster, and several others. Chretien Canabeh succeeded his master; and his pupils were Guillaume Cramer, Danner, Ignace Fraenzel; all of whom were distinguished artists, but of different styles. Cramer and Danner possessed broadness in the style of bowing, but Fraenzel was a graceful and elegant performer, though his tone was somewhat thin. A pupil of Danner, Jean Frederick Eck, born at Mannheim in 1776, became a brilliant violinist of this school. This artist, director of the concerts of the Court of Munich, was the master of Spohr—at least, as far as talent can be formed, until individual organization and meditation receive the stamp of personality. M. Spohr has founded a violin school in Germany, on a more extended and more vigorous scale

than those of his predecessors. When Paganini heard him at Venice, he spoke of him in unqualified terms of approbation. This worthy artist has formed many pupils, who occupy the most honorable positions in most large cities, and exposed the principles of his school in an extensive work, published by Haslinger, of Vienna, and subsequently translated into French.

[From the *Eclectic Magazine*.]
THE LAST AMATI.

The fortune, the renown, the glory of a man often depends on the street that he takes in leaving his house. A thousand facts more or less dramatic in history prove the truth of this observation.

Baillot, who was decorated with the title of the Cæsar of Violins, in distinction from that Nestor of instrument-makers, Alexandre Boucher, surnamed the Alexander of Violins, was perfectly convinced that good luck of every kind depends on the chance of a road, and he had his reasons for thinking so.

In January, 1811, Baillot had strayed into one of the most populous and least salubrious streets of the Faubourg Saint Marceau. In the middle of the Rue Mouffetard, treading his way through a labyrinth of hackney-coaches, carts, and drays, crossing in every direction, stunned by the oaths of the drivers, the crack of their whips, the neighing of horses, and clamor of passengers, he threw himself heedlessly between two vehicles passing in opposite directions. By agility and daring he cleared the dangerous strait, and reached the other side of the street; but this success cost him dear, like all success in this world—a piece of iron projecting from a dray had caught one of his coat-tails, and Baillot, hardly out of the ambulant Thermopylæ, from which he had come off cheaper than the Spartan Leonidas, was apprised by an honest vender of rabbit-skins that, in order to be quite in the fashion of the Faubourg Saint Marceau—that is, *en Carnagnole*—he had only to sacrifice his remaining coat-tail.

However much of a philosopher we may be, and however free from prejudice on the subject of dress, it is unpleasant, even in the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to be walking in a costume that has no name in any language.

The musician, coat-tail in hand, and escorted by a squadron of little urchins, gravely advanced in streets unknown even to the Parisians, seeking to escape the hail of witticisms, and looking intently for a tailor's sign. But this was useless trouble, for tailors and shoemakers were scarce then in the Faubourg Saint Marceau. Baillot would willingly have cried, not like the King of England, "My kingdom for a horse!" but, "A concert for a needleful of silk!"

Baillot was thus in great perplexity, when he espied, in a narrow, repulsive, and solitary street, a shop—the dirty front of which was panoplied with old rags, its worm-eaten shelves offering heaps of old iron, wrecks of ancient pottery, a thousand nameless utensils, and a complete museum of boots and shoes, from the *soulier à la poulaine* of Charles VI. to the *escarpins* of the Marquis de l'Éclat de Bœuf, and to the turned-down *café-au-lait* colored boots of the dandies of the Directory. In this bazaar of the decrepit elegance of our ancestors, a woman, still young, was sewing, amid three children, whose health had not suffered apparently from the mephitic vapors of the street or musty shop. Never oasis,

never grove of palms and nopals, appeared more delightful to the gaze of the traveler, bewildered in the burning sands of the Sahara, than the crazy establishment of this merchant of Carolingian knick-knacks to the unfortunate musician, who still grasped, not the flute of Pan, but the tail of his frock-coat.

Baillet intrepidly entered the smoke-begrimed shop.

"Mon Dieu! madame," he said, in that harmonious voice which was his when not leading his orchestra, "I have just met with a little accident; a vehicle passing has caught my coat, and I would like to find some one who could give it a stitch for me. Will you have the kindness to direct me?" And accompanying these words with a graceful bow, Baillet showed the unfortunate proof of his exordium.

"I could hardly direct you to any one for this little job," replied the young woman, repressing her mirth, "but if you do not require too much skill in the workmanship—"

"O mon Dieu! no, nothing more than a stitch just strong enough to hold it in place until I find a carriage."

"Oh! if that be all, sir, I can offer you my services, and will do it no worse than I can help. Take off your coat, sir, and sit here; it will soon be ready."

Such willingness rejoiced the musician's heart: this woman's voice possessed for his ear the melody of an *Æolian* harp, and no fantasia of Beethoven's, no cantata of Mozart's, no majestic recitative of Gluck's could have charmed him so much at this moment.

The children, on a sign from their mother, drew up a venerable arm-chair, whose unequal feet supported, in rickety majesty, a tapestried back-piece, on which some aristocratic hand, contemporaneous with Madame de Pompadour, had retraced the pretty fable of La Fontaine, entitled "The Fox with his Tail cut off." Human malignity was not guilty of this point-blank allusion, but chance is often a great mystifier.

The musician cast himself at his own risk and peril into this chair, which had thus received into its arms full many an aching spine. But its long-suffering nature did not hold good against this new assault, and a significant crack betrayed its decrepitude. Recalled to circumspection by fear of a fall, the musician retrenched himself in such sobriety of motion and gesture that an antiquary of this quarter of the Jardin des Plantes might have compared him to one of those royal mummies which are discovered from time to time in the sands about the pyramid of Ghizeh. Behold, then, Baillet installed in his shirt-sleeves in the centenary arm-chair, like a Roman senator at the approach of the Gauls, and allowing only his eyes to wander curiously over this Capharnaum on objects the most surprised to find themselves together, a poetry of chaos, burlesque mosaic of fashion's revolution, the history of everything and the history of nothing.

While the artist is absorbed in reflections suggested by these relics of so many generations, the young woman works quickly and skillfully, her needle fairly flying. If Baillet from time to time asks her about some rare object in this antiquarian museum, she replies tersely, politely, without taking her eyes off her work, and with her brief answers makes sensible and just reflections. The artist listens, pleased, and still more interested, when to his question whether these

three children form all her family, she replies that she has also three younger ones.

"Is it possible? And have you no other means than the profits, very small I should suppose, of this establishment?"

"Ah! sir, my husband works at his trade as a joiner, and I with my needle. In good years, we earn enough between us to make the two ends meet; but, when bread is so dear and our trade is dull, as at this time, we have hard work to raise our family." Then, as if she feared she might be led to say more than she wished on this point, she immediately resumed, "Do not be too impatient, sir; the work is nearly done, and you will have your coat in a few minutes." The artist understood this modest reserve of poverty, and silently continued with his eye his journey round the shop.

Ten minutes had hardly passed, when the seamstress rose, and, shaking off with gentle care the shreds of cloth and thread that stuck to her, handed to Baillet his coat, so neatly mended that it would have been difficult for a tailor to have concealed with more art the unfortunate lesion.

"In truth, madam, you have a fairy talent, and I can not be too grateful," he added, putting his hand into his pocket, "for your skill and your most amiable courtesy."

"Nothing, sir. I am happy to have been able to render you this little service." And as Baillet seemed disposed to insist, "You would disoblige me, sir," with an accent of wounded dignity, and withdrawing a few paces. "Must we not help one another?" she added.

Baillet was tempted to exclaim with Molière,

"Where the deuce is disinterestedness going to preach?"

The musician was obliged to yield to his hostess; but his ingenious liberality caught sight of a violin hanging from the ceiling, where it seemed to have been placed on purpose to serve the designs of a multitude of spiders, whose webs, extending on all sides, in capricious arabesques, from the instrument as a centre, formed a diaphanous cover for it.

"At least, madam, you will not refuse to sell me that old violin; I am a musician, and indulge the fancy of making a collection of the instruments of my profession in all their varieties."

"Ah! as for that, sir, I become merchant again, and wish no better than to sell," answered the young woman, smiling. "This violin, which we found here in purchasing the stock is, many persons have told me, an object of value."

"That would not surprise me, madam. The fate of instruments sometimes resembles that of men; the greater their worth, the more they are exposed to extinction in obscurity and dust. How much for this violin?"

"Just fifty cents, sir," replied the vender, who, during Baillet's philosophical reflection, had had time to take down the instrument, and to dust it with the corner of her apron.

"Very well, here are five francs."

And as the poor woman sought in the bottom of her pockets some change to return him, Baillet hastened to say:

"What you will not allow me to offer you as a slight compensation for the time you have spent for me, you will not prevent me from giving your children to buy them some spice-cakes." And without waiting an answer, the artist, armed with his violin, left

the indigent shop, and quickly disappeared in the crooked little streets of the Faubourg Saint Marceau—streets that he now treaded proud as a peacock, and leaving behind him the contrite mein of that fox upon whose effigy he had been seated.

A more attentive examination of his purchase—such as he could make while walking in the street—convinced Baillet that the instrument which he had at first considered a mere relic might have a far higher value in the eyes of an archaeologist, of an amateur, or an artist. The brown hue of this violin attested its old age; but when, with the back of his forefinger, Baillet lightly tapped the sides of this cavernous body, it rendered a sound mellow as the dream of a spirit that might wake by the restoration of its sounding-board and strings, after more than a century of slumber. The ovoid form of its keys, the whimsical arch of its bow, struck him forcibly; but a still livelier feeling absorbed him when, through the dirt encrusted on its handle, he perceived microscopic paintings of a precious finish that could have only been bestowed by the magic pencils of the Tintoret or Carrachi.

Thus preoccupied, Baillet, who was walking at random, raised his eyes to reconnoitre, and beheld himself on the frontiers of the Faubourg Saint Germain, in the Rue Mazarine. There, almost in front of a tennis-court, (the last remaining in Paris, where, under Henry II., there were more than a hundred of them,) our artist's eye fell on the obscure shop of a musical instrument maker. "Fairy luck," said he, "if I should get my violin dressed up again in this other cavern. In fact, I risk no great things, and an invalid fiddle must feel quite at home in this venerable *chiera-oscuro*. If all that glitters is not gold, so all that looks dull is not lead. Behind the cobwebs of this shop glows, perhaps, a spark of Stradivarian genius." And without further deliberation, he entered.

In the front part of the shop some flutes were strung along, five or six old, spavined mandolins, a number of church serpents, the black leather of which were peeling off in shreds, two pairs of cymbals, dating back, doubtless to the triumphal entry of the ambassadors of the King of Siam into Paris toward the end of the seventeenth century, three contrabasses, and many bassos, viols, guitars, and violins. The back of the shop, lighted day and night by a sepulchral lamp, was furnished, moreover, with a large and long oaken counter, dating by its color of ebony, its sculpture, and majestic arrangement, to the reign of Francis I., an epoch so dear to the fine arts.

"It is written," thought Baillet in passing the threshold, "that I am vowed all this day to antiquities. Hallo! some one," he called, after several steps without seeing a living soul.

"What does the gentleman wish?" said a tall lad, who suddenly rose like a spectre inside the counter, holding in his arms a dog that barked doubtless the same question at the visitor so bold as to enter this Thebaid.

"I desire," replied the musician, "to have this instrument repaired." And Baillet raised his violin high enough for the youth encamped like a picket in the counter, and seemed to have no idea of moving, to be fully edified on the reason of the unwonted entry of a customer into this atrium of Teiresichore.

"I see what it is," said the young man,

"I will call M. Crépinel. Take a seat, if you please, sir."

"And where, then?" asked Bailiot, who, looking around him, saw not the ghost of a chair.

"Here, sir; here." And the tall youth, without leaving the counter, from which he seemed to be inseparable, pointed to the artist half a dozen stools covered with red Utrecht velvet, arranged like soldiers, port arms, on the left of the shop, opposite the immense counter. Bailiot took a seat, and the youth began to shout, "Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please!"

After waiting some moments, no one having answered, the young man, on a gesture of impatience from the visitor, called louder than the first time, "Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please!"

"If, as appearances would indicate, the instrument maker is as deaf as a post, it must be confessed that I have made a bright hit in my choice of a workman," thought Bailiot; then he added aloud: "It seems to me that instead of making yourself hoarse in calling to M. Crépinel, you ought to go and find him."

"I should long ago have done what you advise, sir, had not Mlle. Cecile, my patron's daughter, who has gone to spend the day out with her mother, charged me not to leave her pet Mirza, who has had the fancy to place under the counter five pretty pups, as you see here." And the ingenuous youth exhibited, one after the other, the five proofs of Mirza's fecundity, to the great despite of this canine mother, who made known her disapprobation by a subdued and prolonged growl.

"You see, sir," resumed the young man, "that it is hardly possible for me to leave Mirza, who will not leave her little ones. I must obey my orders as she obeys her nature. Monsieur Crépinel, Monsieur Crépinel, to the shop, if you please."

This cry, periodically uttered by Mirza's guardian, at last rendered Bailiot impatient.

"Since you are riveted there by your countersign, and your appeals to the master are lost in the air," said Bailiot, "I will return at a more opportune moment." And he rose to depart.

"Do not move," the tall youth hastened to say, placing with a mysterious air his index and middle fingers on his mouth. "I see what it is; M. Crépinel is playing his game of chess with our neighbor the armorer. He is hard to beat at that game, is my patron. He is the pupil of that famous M. Danican who had so fine a reputation as chess-player and composer of music some thirty or forty years ago under the name of Philidor. But if M. Crépinel has the passion for chess, he is a still greater enthusiast in his art, as you shall judge, sir, for I am going in quest of him; it will only be a moment."

The tall youth in fact left his station at the counter, set Mirza down with a paternal care, took one of those long iron bars that serve to close shop-fronts from under the counter, shouldered it like a gun, and advanced, picking his steps, through the windings of the back shop, incumbered with old lutes and old harps. He was absent a few minutes, and returned with an air of triumph, still armed with his iron bar, but bearing, by excess of solicitude, Mirza under his left arm. "M. Crépinel is coming," said he, in

a low voice, and again seated himself inside his counter.

Hardly had he spoken, when a little bald man, dry as catgut, his body enveloped in a green leather apron clasped round his loins by a copper lyre, appeared before the counter. Some sounds struck by his slippers from the dismantled harps and lutes upon the floor, had apprised the musician's practiced ear of the approach of the high-priest of harmony.

"I thought the house was on fire, Firmin, by the way in which you struck the partition wall."

"By the way in which I struck! There was need for it," replied Firmin, "since I have been calling you this hour past at the top of my voice, and you answered no more than if you had been in the forest of the Vosges choosing wood for flutes."

"What is the matter?" asked the instrument maker, with a sonorous application of the large Madras silk handkerchief which he bore under his apron. "What is the business on hand?"

"Here is a gentleman, sir, who has been waiting this hour for you to examine the instrument he brings you."

"Ah! sir; what apology shall I make to you?" said the workman, turning quickly toward the stools, where he presumed that his customer must be seated. "I must tell you, for my justification, that we rarely see customers here in the daytime; they only come in after candle-light. But allow me to examine the instrument you wish to have repaired."

"Here it is, Monsieur Crépinel."

The artisan approached the lamp that was burning over a little dirty console, methodically placed his spectacles on a nose more Celtic than Roman, and began to scrutinize the instrument.

"*Diable!*" he ejaculated with a formidable accent of surprise and admiration. "Light the candles quickly; quick! light four!"

Firmin promptly rose from his counter, disappeared a moment, and returned with four iron candlesticks, in each of which burned a large and long yellow wax candle. Then he placed them in order on the counter, and resumed his seat on the bench where Mirza was suckling her pups under the vigilant eye of this phoenix of apprentices.

M. Crépinel approached the flaming quadrilateral, and resumed his inspection more attentively. He touched and retouched the instrument with pious precaution, and felt it in all its parts. From time to time he gave a slight filip on every part of its walls, approached it to his ear as if to recognize the value and quality of its sonority, and then interrogated, with a kind of respect, the paintings of the handle, hardly visible under a thick coat of grease. At last, after a learned and conscientious inspection of not less than half an hour, he raised his spectacles upon his brow in a rapid movement, and with such a voice as the prophet Samuel must have had when he announced to the shepherd of the mountains of Gilboa that he was called by the order of God to rule over the people of Israel under the name of Saul, "Do you know, sir, what manner of instrument you possess?" And without awaiting the artist's modest confession of ignorance, he resumed with fire, "No, you do not know; but I know it, I! Well, sir, it is an *Amati*!"

"I would never have dared to presume so," replied the musician.

"And an *Amati*," resumed the workman,

with increasing enthusiasm, "of the best times of those illustrious masters, who have formed pupils whom equitable posterity has saluted in their turn with the title of masters, such as the Hungarian Stradivarius, the Scotch MacCleon, and the Spaniard Alvares Ferrera."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the artist, with emotion that may be easily imagined.

"Sir," resumed the artisan with a dignity that would have been comic had its source been a less noble feeling than love of his art — "Sir, when for three hundred years one has practiced in one's ancestors and by one's self the trade, which, be it said in passing, was once an art, and a great art, of making musical instruments, it is hardly permitted, I would even dare add, to be deceived. Your violin is an *Amati*," continued the artist, placing his two hands upon the thrice centenary instrument, and mounting his voice to the diapason of pride, "and it is I, Claude Jean-Baptiste-Leonard Crépinel, who assure you of it."

"I make not the slightest objection to this solemn declaration," said Bailiot, "and I am too happy that your light has revealed to me the treasure I possessed almost unconsciously. Now, M. Crépinel, that your science has revealed my fortune, may I hope that your talent can restore and rejuvenate my instrument?"

"That is another question," replied M. Crépinel gravely. "And the task, without being precisely above my force and experience, is an arduous one, full of dangers and difficulties. Nevertheless, I do not despair of attaining a satisfactory solution; and in order to respond to the confidence with which you honor me, I will make every endeavor and spare no care. I will put under contribution both my old and recent studies to restore to this wonderful masterpiece of instruments, so worthy the respect and tenderness of artists, in some measure the advantages of which time, and men more cruel than time, have deprived it. I guarantee you, then, sir, the plenitude, the perseverance, the intrepidity of my efforts; but remember well, that I do not guarantee success."

"Such reserve is that of an honest man and of a true artist," replied Bailiot. "And what time do you suppose, Monsieur Crépinel, will be required to accomplish the difficult task that you kindly undertake?"

"Three months, sir," replied the artisan decisively.

"Well, then, be it so; in three months from this date, and at the same hour, I shall come here full of hope, and I shall return, I feel certain of it, full of admiration."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

The Grim Tyrant has been busy in Artland lately. In addition to the death of M. Guiliani, the well-known and able Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, which all the papers mentioned last week, I see the deaths announced of M. Couder, a very clever singer at the Variétés, who distinguished himself in Offenbach's music, and M. Ferdinand Langle, vice-president of the Society of Authors and Dramatic Composers, and himself the writer of the librettos of many successful operas, notably of *Maitre Pathelin*, *Le Tailleur et la Fée*, *Le Sourd*, *Un Tour en Espagne*, *Le Lansquenet*, *Le Comarade de Lit*, &c.